

Santa Fe New Mexican

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The New Mexican is the oldest newspaper in New Mexico. It is sent to every postoffice in the Territory and has a large and growing circulation among the intelligent and progressive people of the southwest.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

Republican Territorial Convention.

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF NEW MEXICO, Santa Fe, September 9, 1898.

A convention of the Republican party of the Territory of New Mexico is hereby called to meet in the city of Albuquerque, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon on Saturday, October 1, 1898, for the purpose of placing in nomination for the suffrages of the voters of New Mexico an candidate for delegate from New Mexico to the 36th congress.

The several counties will be entitled to representation in this convention as follows: Bernalillo 2, Chaves 2, Coconino 1, Dona Ana 1, Eddy 1, Grant 1, Guadalupe 2, Lincoln 2, Mora 1, Rio Arriba 1, San Juan 1, San Miguel 2, Santa Fe 1, Sierra 2, Socorro 1, Tularosa 1, Union 1, Valencia 1; total number of delegates 17.

Proxies will not be allowed unless held and voted by citizens and residents of the same county from which the delegate giving the proxy is sent. Alternates will not be recognized.

County central committees will call regular county conventions for the nomination and election of delegates to this convention at such time and place in the several counties as in their judgment seems best, provided that all such conventions must be held at least three days prior to the date of the meeting of the territorial convention.

Where there are no regularly constituted county committees, the members of such committee are charged with the duty of calling and holding of the proper county conventions.

Chairmen and secretaries of county conventions are requested to forward to the secretary of this committee at once, upon the holding of the conventions in their respective counties, a full list of delegates elected and also copies of resolutions passed by such bodies.

By order of the Republican Territorial Central Committee, E. L. BARTLETT, Chairman.

MAX. FROST, Secretary.

Mr. Rynum has joined the Republican party in Indiana. And still they come.

The Colorado silver people seem also to be fond of lead in the shape of bullets.

Colonel Teddy's gubernatorial boom is growing and will soon be beyond Senator Platt's control.

The peace commissioners now en route to Paris are said to be in a Philistine state of mind. So are the people of this country.

John Wamamaker is still keeping up his fight on Senator Quay. The ex-postmaster general is a very good advertiser.

Uncle Sam is a dandy. He is as much of a success at disarming his own troops as he was at disarming of the Spanish soldiers.

After the German emperor visits Jerusalem, he will be able to talk about what he and King Solomon saw in the holy city.

This is getting to be a great country. When people wear overcoats and fur mittens in St. Paul, they wear grass skirts on the island of Loozon.

Not being able to secure a quorum, the Populist state convention of New York has been indefinitely adjourned. And still the Pops are not happy.

One difference between the "Rough Riders" in Cuba and the Derivishes in the Sudan is that the "Rough Riders" got there and the Derivishes did not.

Colonel W. Jennings Bryan is anxious that his resignation be speedily accepted. He is afraid that the people of the country will forget his expensive smile.

The better a ticket the Republicans of this county put into the field for the suffrages of the people at the coming elections, the larger will be the majority for the ticket.

The Democratic papers of this territory are trying to make the people believe that the 16 to 1 free silver story is still running as a very interesting serial.

Personal quarrels, likes and dislikes have no place in politics. The shrewd politician does not bother with such truck. A word to those interested ought to be sufficient. Those who desire to run, should read.

The fact remains and no personal and lying attacks on this paper or its editor can wash it away, that the present board of county commissioners of San Miguel county has been guilty of many acts of malfeasance in office. This fact cannot be talked away. The law should be vindicated.

The territorial treasury has lost about \$25,000 by the illegal action of the board of county commissioners of San Miguel in unlawfully abating taxes by the wholesale to the amount of 25 per cent and in accepting county paper instead of cash, as the law demands and prescribes. What are the territorial law officials going to do about this? Is there to be no reckoning and are county commissioners to be allowed to break the law with impunity, when other men accused of violating the laws of the territory are indicted and tried for such violations of law. What is legal sauce

or one should be legal sauce for the other.

Stay at Home.

A piece of advice comes floating across the water from Honolulu which, if remembered, will save many men in this country trouble and possibly sad experience, particularly those who are contemplating removing to the Hawaiian islands for the purpose of bettering their condition in a new country. Letters received from the islands say that it must be borne in mind that the Hawaiian islands are in no sense of the word a "new country." For many years past there has been a population there which has taken up all the ordinary avocations of life, and business is as much overdone as any where in America.

Before the arrival of the United States troops after annexation there were many idle persons in all towns, and since annexation hundreds of young men have arrived in the islands anticipating opportunities which could not be found at home only to be disappointed, and the labor question has become a serious one.

There are opportunities on the islands for making money, but they are all in the nature of developing lands and plantations and require large sums of money to be made successful. It is the same old story. Money is required to make money, with the disadvantage that the extent of the country is entirely too small to permit of finding of employment in one place if it cannot be found in another. The fact of the matter is that no country on earth offers as many opportunities for a man to acquire a competency as the United States.

To the average young man who is compelled to start in life with nothing but his head and hands, some land far off many times presents alluring prospects, but in almost every instance of that kind distance is the only quality which lends enchantment to the view; a close inspection removes the glamour and actual conditions are found to be worse than in his native country. Of course there are exceptions, but they are very few and far between. The success attained in a few instances is always heard of while the thousands of failures are never reported in the prospectuses of immigration and steamship companies. No better illustration of that statement can be pointed than the late Klondike boom.

There is money to be made in the United States, but it requires hard work, economy and everlasting sticking to the work picked out to gain the end desired. The great obstacle to acquiring wealth is the extravagance of the people and the desire to make as much show on a small income as is made by the rich. To that one cause can be laid two-thirds of the dissatisfaction in the land today, not to the conditions which surround the people who are compelled to earn their living by work.

It will be found that America is the land of opportunities for the men of small means and those who have none at all for many years to come, and that all the golden tales which come from countries great distances off will fade away the nearer the searcher after wealth gets to them.

The Strength of Faith.

It matters not what one thinks of faith cure, there is no use denying the followers of that doctrine are a remarkable as well as a wonderful people. Last week a "convocation" of faith cure believers was held in Jersey City, and one of the delegates present arose "in meekness" and solemnly told to solemn listeners how he had been cured by faith of injuries he had sustained in a fall from a steep 200 feet high. Of course it was a church steep he fell from, no ordinary, everyday cupola on top of a sky-scraping building, and of course he was hurt when he struck the ground, the fall did not injure him in the least. Just the exact nature of his injuries was not entered into with any great detail, but the fact that he fell exactly 229 feet was sufficient evidence that some bruises were sustained, and that it was necessary to use crutches in walking (unfortunately the crutches were not produced in evidence). Any way the story was believed, and considerable faith was manifested on the part of the audience.

That the test of faith—on the part of the listeners—was a success is evidenced by the fact that in place of attempting to conceal the romance from the outside world, newspapers were supplied with the story in all its harrowing details, not even the height of the steeple being omitted, and now the faith of an incredulous world is being tested.

This course may not have been as dangerous as might be imagined. The episode will excite the smiles of the unthinking, but others will recognize its importance. Of course it proves nothing in regard to faith cure, but how great is its significance as regards the faith cures! And the accurate logician will deduce from it, not the conclusion that they are beneath the serious consideration of sane persons, but that they are a social factor of almost alarming importance. When folks reach the state of mind induced by the telling, hearing, and promulgating of a yarn like this they are apt to make a stir in the world. Faith is a strong lever, and these people have it. They are as fearless of derision as they are of the laws against manslaughter, and though they will cure much fewer malades than the scientific hypnotists do, yet they will make every cure count for vastly more.

The Eminent Proper Thing.

(El Paso Times.)

The people of New Mexico and Arizona are arranging to give their "Rough Riders" a royal welcome home. That is proper. Give the brave lads to understand that their offer to sacrifice their lives for their country's flag is appreciated. They suffered hardships and faced death; and yet they are deserving of no more credit than thousands of others who volunteered and were eager to go to the front but were prevented from doing so.

Why He Sighed.

Jack—Come old man, cheer up. What is the old broad doing to you? She is not the only fish in the swim.

Tom—Oh, I don't care anything about her breaking the engagement, but you see I've got to go right on paying instalments on the ring for the next six months. That's where the icy breeze comes in.

PORK AND TRIMMINGS

Santa Fe Soldier Boys at Whipple Barracks Enjoyed a Change in Bill of Fare.

UNDER ORDERS TO GO EAST

Feeling of Discontent in the Regiment Disappearing—Arizona Not So Bad After All—Meet Us At Lamby With Oats.

Correspondence New Mexican.

Whipple Barracks, Sept. 19, 1898.—The 1st territorial regiment, which was moved from Whipple Barracks to Lexington several times last week, is yet in Whipple Barracks. The latest news is that a move will be made Thursday.

Unless another political convention, baseball game or some other important event causes further delay, the 1st territorial regiment will go to Lexington, Ky., Thursday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday. This news is positively official.

In fact, as certain as former reports of the movements of Camara's feet. The Southern Pacific railroad is said to be responsible for previous delays. Nothing but stock cars could be found for moving the regiment and Colonel McCord declined to allow the proprietor of California to palm off "any old thing" on the regiment. It begins to look as though there is no truth in the report that the government contemplates exchanging the American eagle, for a hog or likeness of Col. P. Huntington, to represent the emblem of liberty.

Last week, fresh hog and apple sauce graced the table of Company T. Today a herd of sheep is grazing on the hills north of camp and fresh mutton will appear on the bill of fare tomorrow. It would be a shame to scandalize Santa Fe society by telling who stole the hogs. However, Lieutenant Catron was heard to remark: "I'm going to see that the boys have enough to eat if I have to buy it." You see, the boys are hunters, headed by the lieutenant, brought in 100 pounds of honey. "Honey! You're Out of Sight," is now a very popular air. Those who have never indulged in the fun of bee hunting have missed half their lives. Not sun, tedious climb, long tramp and a little bee sting are some of the joys of the bee hunt. It's a Sunday school picnic, personified with the ants and kindred joys. The bees of Arizona have the same old-fashioned kind of stingers that the bees of our boyhood wore.

Some of the blue coated braves formerly so disgusted the citizens with drunken exhibitions that a majority of them claimed the post was of no material benefit to the town. They averred, the saloons, not the substantial business affairs, reaped the entire advantage. Seems singular that a few disagreeable characters could ruin the credit on an entire regiment. As an evidence of the bad character of the "bad soldier boy," it is said that Prescott mothers used the word "soldier" as a bugaboo to frighten unruly children into submission. A story is told of a preacher who saw a little boy going along the street with a fish pole over his shoulder last Sunday. The preacher stopped the boy and asked:

"Little boy, do you know where the bad people go to?"

"No man, I don't."

Just then he saw a life of blue coats entering a near by church, and he hastily corrected himself.

"If you mean the soldiers, I guess they go into that house over there."

This is an old story revised to the everlasting credit of the territorial regiment, and a broad chalk mark given the ones who set examples of decorum.

If the regiment was to remain here another month the churches of Prescott wouldn't hold the soldier worshippers and the people would wonder that they never noticed so many good people in the world before.

"Tom" Gable is in Whipple. The first question he asked was the altitude from the train was: "Say, do you know where a fellow can find a nice, cool glass of beer?" The friend wondered if he intended to electoroner before he got his feet warm in the territory. It is reported that "Tom" has the correct proportions to fill a vacancy in the regiment and to step into his new duties this week. He will accompany the regiment to Lexington.

A man who dies by a bullet or some equally fatal missile shall rise again; so the good book says; but a man who dies politically is liable to remain dead a long time ago. Glad "Tom" escaped such a fate.

The dissatisfaction which prompted numerous volunteers to kick, petition and nearly mutiny has almost entirely passed away. A revolution of feeling has entered the hearts of the sensible minded and they now are satisfied to take their share of whatever is to be, like men. They realize that "kicking" will not induce the War department to take any action relative to mustering out the regiment, and that they are merely making an unworthy exhibition of themselves in showing their discontent, to those who have "been through the mill" previously, and actually suffered almost unendurable hardships and privations, to witness the antics of some of the volunteer regiments who have not yet had a taste of starvation at the front, decimation by the enemy's fire, nor that of "howling" to be more maligned types of diseases. The boys here are also beginning to realize that it is only necessary to be half way decent and gentlemanly to keep out of the guard house, and that the actions of drunkards, anarchists and malcontents who have no right to be here, are a disgrace to the regiment and to the territory.

Army discipline has been the principal cause of dissatisfaction. Those who previously enjoyed every form of liberty naturally rebel at restraint. Yet this regiment has not witnessed rigorous restriction nor will it for some time. Perhaps a little snow shoveling, sleeping in tents, and imprisonment five miles from town, will this winter cause the boys to think Whipple a paradise compared to Lexington. Then they will wonder why they did not petition to send here instead of "howling" to be moved.

The 1st territorial has suffered some, of course, but their troubles are, after all, inconsequential, when the miseries endured by others are considered.

J. F. MANNING.

P. S.—Word has just been received that the regiment will leave here Sunday morning for the Santa Fe. It is hoped that a large delegation of "Santa Fe" (with cake) will meet the boys at Lamby.

J. F. M.

Why He Sighed.

Jack—Come old man, cheer up. What is the old broad doing to you? She is not the only fish in the swim.

Tom—Oh, I don't care anything about her breaking the engagement, but you see I've got to go right on paying instalments on the ring for the next six months. That's where the icy breeze comes in.

Mr. Neverpeigh—Old Redash has declared neutrality at last.

Mr. Neverpeigh—I don't understand you.

Mr. Neverpeigh—He has refused to let us have any coal.

Strictly Neutral.

Mr. Neverpeigh—Old Redash has declared neutrality at last.

Mr. Neverpeigh—I don't understand you.

Mr. Neverpeigh—He has refused to let us have any coal.

Eczema!

The Only Cure.

Eczema is more than a skin disease, and no skin remedies can cure it. The doctors are unable to effect a cure, and their mineral mixtures are damaging to the most powerful constitution. The whole trouble is in the blood, and Swift's Specific is the only remedy which can reach such deep-seated blood diseases.

Eczema broke out on my daughter, and continued to spread until her head was entirely covered. She was treated by several good doctors, but grew worse, and the dreadful disease spread to her face. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many patent medicines were taken, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S. and by the time the first bottle was finished, her head began to heal. A dozen bottles cured her completely and her skin is now as healthy as ever. She is now sixteen years old, and has a magnificent growth of hair. Not a sign of the dreadful disease has ever returned.

H. T. SHORE, 2301 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Don't expect local applications of soaps and salves to cure Eczema. They reach only the surface, while the disease comes from within. Swift's Specific

S. S. S. For the Blood

is the only cure and will reach the most deep-seated blood diseases. It is of all similar remedies, because it cures cases which are beyond their reach. S. S. S. is purely vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no poison, mercury or other mineral.

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

NEW MEXICO CROPS.

The General Harvest of An Abundant Crop—Ranges Need Rain for Winter Feeding.

U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE. Climate and Crop Bulletin of the Weather Bureau, New Mexico Section. (Santa Fe, N. M., September 20, 1898.)

The weather for the week ending September 19, although not averaging as cool as the week previous, still was slightly below the normal. The days have been bright and sunny, with rather cool nights, and with little or no precipitation. From many sections, especially in the south, there is considerable complaint of drouth, and in central and southern districts water for irrigation is getting scarce, and farmers are put to much trouble and expense in securing sufficient for their needs. In the northern counties along the Rio Grande pastures are drying up rapidly, and fear is expressed that winter feed will be short.

Harvesting the latest grain crops is about finished, and the thrashings with few exceptions are yielding very satisfactory returns. The third cutting of alfalfa is about all secured in northern counties, and under most favorable conditions. Corn cutting is making rapid progress, and some northern farmers have begun work on the winter wheat. No wheat conditions have been reported with the general abundance and fine quality of all garden produce excepting the frost of the 11th and 12th over the more exposed localities of the north, where as stated in the previous bulletin considerable loss was sustained in tomatoes, cabbages, melons, etc.

Fruit, grapes and melons continue abundant in the markets notwithstanding the effects of the frost on the grapes and melons of the localities just mentioned, although owing to several high winds of the past week there has been some loss in falling fruits.

The following remarks are extracted from the reports of correspondents:

AZTEC—C. E. Mond—Bright, clear week with little precipitation. The gradually declining temperature indicates fast approaching winter. The frosts of the 11th and 12th froze the potatoes, tomatoes, melons, etc., and some corn and alfalfa injured slightly. Farmers are still making the third crop of hay although a great deal was secured before the frosts. Apples, peaches, pears and grapes continue in abundance, also beans, tomatoes, cauliflower, cabbages, onions, potatoes, etc. Many farmers are cutting corn and some water melons are being planted. There is plenty of water for irrigation. Highest temperature, 87, on the 10th; lowest 31, on the 12th. Rainfall, trace.

Bernalillo—Brother Gabriel—Very dry weather since the 20th of August with few exceptions. A trace of rain on the night of the 9th of September. Cool days and nights from the 9th to the 15th, with frost on the Sandia Mountains on the 12th. Gardens consequently have ripened somewhat slowly. Late fruits not very encouraging. Vineyards somewhat better than expected, but not so good as the public has been led to believe, and although irrigation ditches are pretty well supplied it is with much trouble and expense to gardeners. The highest temperature, 86, on the 15th; lowest, 43, on the 13th. No rain.

Gallinas Springs—Jas. E. Whitmore—Cool, with a trace of rain, drier on the drouth was ripened up rapidly by the rains of the 10th. Ranges also were greatly refreshed and are maturing finely. Stock continue in good condition. High winds have caused considerable "falling" of the apples and pears. Highest temperature, 85 on the 14th and 15th; lowest, 35 on the 12th. Total rainfall, 0.70.

Mesilla Park—Cayetano Thompson.—The weather has been clear, with no trace of rain. Water is scarce and crops are suffering from the drouth. The third crop of alfalfa has been harvested with much success. Tomatoes are fast ripening. Highest temperature, 92 on the 16th; lowest, 39 on the 13th.

Ojo Caliente—A. Joseph—Light frost on the 11th, which injured garden truck such as beans, melons and tomatoes. Corn is maturing rapidly, with the promise of an average crop. The stock ranges are short of grass owing to the severe drouth which has prevailed here during several weeks past. Highest temperature, 89, on the 13th; lowest, 30, on the 11th. No rainfall.

Santa Fe—U. S. Weather Bureau—A bright, sunny week, although somewhat cooler than usual, and without rain. Harvest and threshing wheat, and cutting the third crop of alfalfa progressed rapidly and under most favorable conditions. The later tree fruits ripened rapidly and in abundance, but some loss was occasioned by several high winds during the week. The highest temperature was 77 on three days, the lowest, 39, on the 17th.

What He Meant.

Dauber (struggling artist)—What do you suppose the poet meant by the words, "Art is long, and life is short?"

Frank Friend (examining Dauber's last picture)—I think it likely the poet meant that life is too short for some folks to learn to paint.—London Answers.

Diverted Attention.

Nurse—I lost track up th' children, Mrs. Cums—Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to an officer?

Nurse—That's how it happened, mum.—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

Hard Lines.

Soph—I've taken to writing for a living lately.

Senior—Has the old man answered any of your letters?—Boston Courier.

Because She Loves Him.

Your father says we can't marry until I have \$50,000, and I haven't a cent.

Never mind dear. I'm willing to wait it takes six months.

A LOST ISLAND.

It was a night of pitchy darkness. At four bells in the first watch not a breath of air was moving, the moon shined pale, set by the afternoon and evening rains, hung heavily from the yards or flapped against the masts and rigging as the ship rolled lazily on the long leaden swells of the Pacific ocean. A number of days had passed without an observation of the sun or stars, and they had to run by "dead reckoning," and were not, therefore, sure of their latitude or longitude. They might be nearer danger than they thought.

The captain had gone below at eight bells; but, feeling troubled about the portentous appearance of the weather, was unable to sleep and was on deck again, walking nervously fore and aft, now looking on this side and then on the other side of the quarter deck, looking anxiously into the darkness, then aft, then at the compass and then at the barometer which hung in the cabin gangway. Round and round went the ship, heedless of her helm, and the mercury told the same tale it had told for hours before.

In vain did the eyes of anxious men peer into the darkness. Only ink-blackness met their straining gaze everywhere. This mists stood till six bells, when the mercury began to fall suddenly. The quick jerking voice of the captain was then heard.

"Mr. Smalley, you may take in the light sails."

"Aye, aye, sir," and, stepping to the mainmast called out, "Forward, there!" and was immediately answered, "Forward, sir!" "Stand by the topgallant and the flying jib halyards!"

In a moment he heard the report, "Ready, sir."

Let go the halyards and clew down. Let go the sheets and clew up. That'll do. Belay all. Now jump up and furl them. Be lively, lads!"

While this was going on the captain took another look at the barometer and found the mercury still going down fast. Thoroughly aroused now, he caught his speaking trumpet from the boatswain and sung out:

"Hold on, there! Down from aloft, every man of you! Call all hands!" Down came the men again.

"All hands ahoy!" was called with great strength of voice at both the cabin and foremast gangways, and then followed one of those scenes which defies such description as would make it intelligible to a landsman, but which any sailor readily understands. The topsails were close reefed, a reef taken in the mainsail, the gill and flying gill and all the light sails were furled, and the ship was ready for the expected gale. But yet no breath of air had been felt moving, while an unnatural stillness and heaviness of the atmosphere was observed by all. Several of the seamen saw a dim, purple streak suddenly appear right ahead of the ship and called out, "Here it comes, sir!"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Right ahead, sir."

"Hard a port your helm!"

"Hard a port it is, sir!"

"Brace round the yards!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The yards were braced around, and the ship was got ready to receive the expected blast on the larboard tack. That dreadful streak of cloud grew almost crimson, and there was heard what they thought was the heavy roar of the coming gale, and every man seemed to hold his breath awaiting the first gust.

But the ship and her crew were not so much alarmed as they should have been. The sailors were so used to ship's deck, but they shrank from the terrible onslaught like frightened children. When God speaks in those fearful storms, his voice is awful to the ear, and many a strong man has quailed before it. And the storm itself is surely more trying to one's nerves than the moment before it strikes, while men wait in dreadful suspense.

Thus those men waited till the minutes lengthened into hours, and the only change perceptible was in the deepening color of that lowering cloud of crimson light.

Just at midnight the ship was struck by a sudden gust of wind, and the crew were startled by the sound of the ship's bell, and the shouting of the sailors.

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